

The
William Edward Reis
Library



Allegheny College



\$3.50

ELIZABETHAN BOOKSELLERS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
No Sponsor

<https://archive.org/details/endimionphoebeid0000mich>

Endimion & Phoebe

By Michael Drayton

821
D799 e

Endimion & Phoebe

Ideas Latmus

By Michael Drayton

Edited by J. William Hebel
Professor of English Literature
at Cornell University

Stratford-upon-Avon: printed at the
Shakespeare Head Press; & published for the
Press by Basil Blackwell, Oxford

M DCCCC XXV

OF THIS EDITION, PRINTED IN ENGLAND AT THE
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS, STRATFORD-UPON-
AVON, 950 COPIES ARE ISSUED FOR SALE.

INTRODUCTION

THIS is the fourth edition of Drayton's *Endimion and Phœbe*. The title-page of the original edition is undated, but there can be no serious doubt that the poem was first published in the spring of 1595. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on 12 April 1595, and is referred to by Thomas Lodge in his *Fig for Momus*, the preface to which is dated 6 May 1595. After its first publication Drayton did not reissue the poem; nor did he include it, in its original form, in any of his collections. There was no second edition until the middle of the nineteenth century. By that time *Endimion and Phœbe* survived in only two known copies. One of them came into the hands of J. P. Collier, and he republished the poem in two editions—as a part of his *Poems by Michael Drayton* printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1856, and separately in or about 1870. Both of his editions were limited to a very few copies. So the poem has remained accessible to few readers, and for that reason has failed to find a place among those poems of

Endimion and Phœbe

Drayton's which are remembered whenever his name is mentioned.

**Endimion and Phœbe* belongs to the group of mythological poems which came into favour in the last decade of the sixteenth century because, for one reason, they gave a realistic portrayal of love. Many a reader of poetry may have sighed rather wearily at times as he saw pouring from the press that unending stream of sonnets devoted to the praise of a mistress always passionless and cold. Yet, as a true son of the Renaissance, the same reader would enjoy noting the intellectual agility of the poet in refashioning the old conceits; he would be pleased to recognize here and there, in clever or even in clumsy paraphrase, his favourites among the sonnets of Petrarch or Ronsard or Desportes; and now and again he would delight to speculate on the identity of a Delia or an Idea. Interesting he would find all this, but not quite satisfying. If, in hope of meeting with a more submissive heroine, he turned to the pastoral, here again he would find complaint upon complaint of the lover's woe for an unrequited passion. Both the sonnet and the pastoral seemed to have become engrossed in Petrarchism and the courtly code of ideal love, and one may imagine

Introduction.

that the Elizabethan often recalled ‘the sweete wittie soule of *Ovid*’ to wish that it might live again in English poetry.

Thomas Lodge had attempted, in 1589, with his *Scillaes Metamorphosis*, to revive the spirit of Ovid; but with no great success, for he failed to seize the real opportunity which the mythological poem offered. On page after page Glaucus complains of the ‘detestable tyrannie of Disdaine,’ and the poem is well near its end before the tale departs from the formal pattern. Then it diverges only into the artificial device of Cupid’s intervention to heal the wound of Glaucus and mischievously to wound the disdainful Scilla so that she in turn pursues the now unwilling Glaucus. Moreover, the poem is tedious, its vague story losing itself in words.

Two other poets soon saw the opportunity that Lodge had missed. By 1593 Marlowe’s *Hero and Leander*, left a fragment, was circulating in manuscript, and Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis* could be bought at the sign of the White Greyhound in Paul’s Church-yard. In them the reader found a voluptuous love-story told with ornate beauty. Sweetly yielding Hero and ‘fire-hot’ Venus pleased all the more by

Endimion and Phœbe

contrast with the mistress of the sonnets, and the mythological poem became at once established in Elizabethan poetry. ‘The younger sort,’ wrote Gabriel Harvey, ‘take much delight in Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*.’

That these two poems quickly attracted Drayton’s attention seems evident from his *Peirs Gaveston*, published in December of 1593. In this poem he draws three figures of speech from the story of Venus and Adonis and one from the love of Hero and Leander. In the same year Drayton had also become interested in the story of Endimion, and in his *Idea The Shep-heards Garland* he had twice referred to Endimion, once (in *Eglog ix*) identifying himself with the moon-struck shepherd. This was fortunate, for if Drayton of ‘virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and wel governed cariage’ was to write a mythological poem, the story of Endimion and Phœbe was the one best suited to his temperament.

As Drayton evolved his conception of the story he incorporated suggestions from many sources, but he seems to have been under no considerable direct debt to earlier versions of the legend. To Llyl’s two plays, *Endimion* and *The Woman in the Moone*, he owes

Introduction.

nothing; among the Italian poemetti mitologici accessible to me I find no source for Drayton's story. Of the many references to the myth in the classics, Drayton was undoubtedly familiar with those in Ovid. One line in the *Heroides* (xviii, 65),

tu dea mortalem caelo delapsa petebas,

seems to have impressed him, for twice in the poem he renders the idea vividly by his 'fayre Phœbe sliding from her Sphere' and 'Downe slydeth Phœbe from her Christall chayre.'

From the three mythological poems which preceded his, Drayton learned much. By Lodge's *Scillaes Metamorphosis* the change in Endimion — at first unresponsive to the advances of Phœbe in disguise, later relenting — may have been suggested. To Lodge, under his pastoral name of *Goldey*, Drayton acknowledges some debt at the close of *Endimion and Phœbe*. Although Shakespeare and Marlowe are not there mentioned, the evidence of the poem itself speaks clearly. The entreaties of Venus to Adonis are paralleled by Phœbe's entreaties to Endimion, though Drayton avoids the disagreeable tone of Shakespeare's Venus; and both Adonis and Endimion are moved

Endimion and Phœbe

only to petulant objection at the interference with their pursuit of sport. Drayton's descriptions of Phœbe and Endimion are patterned on Marlowe's descriptions of Hero and Leander. For the moral maxims scattered through *Endimion and Phœbe* (set off by quotation marks) Drayton has the precedent of the moral maxims of *Hero and Leander*. In verse form, also, Drayton followed Marlowe, adopting his couplet rather than the sixains of Lodge and Shakespeare. The couplet Drayton is using for the first time, and already his trend towards the closed couplet is evident, his percentage of closure being higher than Marlowe's.

In conception of story and tone of poetry, however, *Endimion and Phœbe* was determined rather by Drayton's loving study of the *Faerie Queene* than by the mythological poems. Throughout *Endimion and Phœbe* Drayton attempts to catch Spenser's richness of colour—at times, as in his description of Mount Latmus with its reminiscences of Spenser's Garden of Adonis and Bower of Bliss, adapting suggestions from the *Faerie Queene* to his own use. *Endimion and Phœbe* is a

gorgious Arras in rich colours wrought,
With silk from Affrick, or from Indie brought.

Introduction.

And Drayton acknowledges at the close of his poem that the silk with which he wrought came from Spenser:

Deeare *Collin*, let my Muse excused be,
Which rudely thus presumes to sing by thee,
Although her straines be harsh untun'd & ill,
Nor can attayne to thy divinest skill.

In the turn which Drayton gives his story he introduces a conception of love different from both the courtly idealism of the sonnet and the voluptuous materialism of the mythological poem; he presents in concrete story the 'way of love' of traditional Platonism. Endimion reluctantly comes to love material beauty in Phœbe disguised, whom he supposes to be a nymph 'of fayre *Floras* trayne,' only to discover to his happiness that the nymph is absolute beauty, Phœbe herself. Then, just as the Platonist is led on by love for beauty, Endimion is whisked away to the heavens where Phœbe imparts to him the 'heavenly secrets.' Thus love has

impt the wings of his desire,
And kindled him, with this cœlestiall fire.

Drayton then proceeds to a long discussion of the

Endimion and Phœbe
number nine,
Which of all numbers is the most divine.

This is unfortunate, and arises from his inability to remain silent under criticism. In his volume of sonnets of 1594, Drayton had averred that his ‘Idea,’ added to the orders of the Angels, the Muses, and the Worthies, made ‘every one of these three nines a ten.’ This laid him open to ridicule; one of the attacks—the epigram of Sir John Davies, *In Decium*, printed several years later—has survived:

But Poet *Decius* more audacious farre
Making his mistris march with men of warre,
With title of tenth worthy doth her lade.

Stung by such criticism, Drayton attempts in *Endimion and Phœbe* to explain his sonnet by discussing the nature of ‘nines,’ concluding that

each of these nyne orders grounded be,
Upon some one particularity,
Then as a Poet I might so infer,
An other order when I spake of her.

At the close of *Endimion and Phœbe*, with his com-

Introduction.

pliments to his friends among the poets (to Spenser as *Collin*, to Daniel as *Museus*, and to Lodge as *Goldey*), Drayton addresses his ‘Idea’—the ‘Sweet Nymph of *Ankor*,’ Anne Goodere. The passage is of especial interest because it is Drayton’s last reference to Anne Goodere before her marriage to Sir Henry Rainsford, and its warmth and tenderness possibly came from his visit to her home, Polesworth, where he was one of the witnesses to the will of her father, Sir Henry Goodere, on 26 January 1595, only a few months before the publication of *Endimion and Phœbe*. He associates the whole poem intimately with her:

‘And if sweet mayd thou deign’st to read this story,
[Therein] thine eyes may view thy vertues glory.

Moreover, he gives the poem the sub-title, *Ideas Latus*, and we begin to suspect that as Drayton imagined his story he identified Phœbe with Anne Goodere and Endimion with himself.

Although *Endimion and Phœbe* had its admirers—the compiler of *Englands Parnassus* quoted from it eighteen times—the poem seems not to have been popular, since there was no call for a second edition. Perhaps not many readers were ready to turn with

Endimion and Phœbe

Drayton away from the voluptuous scenes, which they were wont to expect in the mythological poem, to Platonism. For his *Poems Lyrick and pastorall*, 1606, Drayton wrote a new version of the Endimion story, which he named *The Man in the Moone*. This poem borrows only a few lines from *Endimion and Phœbe* and is almost completely changed in setting and in story. It is one of the interesting examples of Drayton's quick change from the Spenserian to the Jacobean manner, and in this change the chief beauty of *Endimion and Phœbe* is lost. The rewritten version Drayton included in his collected edition of 1619.

The influence of a poem so inaccessible has not been great. It was published when the mythological poem was already established and, though it differed from, it did not influence the type. Drayton's influence on the development of the closed couplet in the seventeenth century came not so much from *Endimion and Phœbe* as from *Englands Heroicall Epistles*, a more popular poem with a higher percentage of closure. One of Drayton's versions of the Endimion story seems to have been in the mind of William Basse when he wrote, some time before the death of Prince Henry in 1612, his *Urania The Woman in the Moone*,

Introduction

attempting in genial manner to vindicate the chastity of Phœbe against the falsehood out of which ‘The generall tale of Man i’ th’ Moone is growne.’ If Keats had access to either of the copies of *Endimion and Phœbe* extant in his day, there would be reason to think that his *Endymion* was indebted to it, especially for the introduction of the Indian Maid and her identification with Diana, an episode which might have been adapted from Drayton’s version of the story.

THIS edition is a page-for-page reprint of the text of 1595, the two known copies of which have been collated. Except for the following changes the original text is exactly copied: the long ‘f’ has not been used, and the old use of ‘u’ and ‘v’ and of ‘i’ and ‘j’ has been changed to accord with the typography of the present; in line 22 of page 49 the obvious misprint of *Phœbe* for *Phœbe* has been corrected; in line 17 of page 23 a ‘you’, needed both for meaning and for metre, has been inserted in brackets, as it had been in manuscript in both extant copies—strangely enough in what seems to be the same hand. In the original edition the pages are not numbered.

Endimion and Phœbe

The original text has been followed in printing 'With' as the catch-word on Sig. C₃ recto (page 21), where it should be 'And'. Although in several places the punctuation is corrupt, *Endimion and Phœbe* is, according to Elizabethan standards, carefully printed.

This reprint of *Endimion and Phœbe* from a copy of the first edition has been made possible by the kind permission of Mr W. A. White, of Brooklyn, New York, whose library contains one of the two known copies. By his constant generosity in permitting the use of his many rare books, Mr White has earned the thanks of all lovers of Elizabethan poetry. Mr White's copy of *Endimion and Phœbe* lacks the title-page and the first leaf, and these have been supplied from the other extant copy, in the library of Westminster Abbey, with the permission of the Dean of Westminster. I wish also to express my appreciation of the courtesy of the Librarian of the Abbey, the Rev. L. H. Nixon. To three friends, Mr Woodford Patterson, Mr Guy S. Greene, and Mr Bernard H. Newdigate, I am indebted for helpful criticism.

J. WILLIAM HEBEL

Ithaca, New York,
20 December 1924.

ENDIMION

and Phœbe.

POSTSCRIPT

IN The Times Literary Supplement of this date the Assistant Librarian of Marsh's Library, Dublin, reports that a copy of the original edition of Endimion & Phœbe is in that Library, on loan from the Library of Cashel Cathedral.

Stratford-upon-Avon
April 2, 1925



AT LONDON,
 Printed by James Roberts for
John Busbie.

TO THE EXCELLENT and most accomplish't Ladie: *Lucie*

Countesse of Bedford.

Great Ladie, essence of my cheefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempred spirit,
Adorn'd with gifts, enobled by thy blood,
Which by discent true vertue do'st inherit:

That vertue which no fortune can deprive,
Which thou by birth tak'st frō thy gracious mother,
Whose royall mindes with equall motion strive,
Which most in honor shall excell the other;

Unto thy fame my Muse her selfe shall taske,
Which rain'st upon mee thy sweet golden showers,
And but thy selfe, no subiect will I aske,
Upon whose prayse my soule shall spend her powers.

Sweet Ladie then, grace this poore Muse of mine,
Whose faith,whose zeale,whose life,whose all is thine.

Your Honors humbly
divoted,

Michaell Drayton.

ROULAND, when first I red thy stately rymes,
In Sheephards weedes, when yet thou liv'dst unknowne,
Not seene in publique in those former tymes,
But unto *Ankor* tund'st thy Pype alone,
I then beheld thy chaste *Ideas* fame,
Put on the wings of thine immortall stile,
Whose rarest vertues and deserved name,
Thy Muse renown's throughout this glorious Ile,
Thy lines, like to the Lawrells pleasant shade,
In after ages shall adore her Herse,
Nor never can her beauties glory fade,
Deckt in the colours of thy happy verse,
Thy fiery spirit mounts up unto the skye,
And what thou writ'st, lives to Eternitye.

E. P.

To Idea.

AMidst those shades wherein the Muses sit,
Thus to Idea, my Idea sings,
Support of wisedome, better force of Wit:
Which by desert, desert to honour brings,
Borne to create good thoughts by thy rare woorth,
Whom Nature with her bounteous store doth blesse,
More excellent then Art can set thee forth;
Happy in more, then praises can expresse:
Which by thy selfe shalt make thy selfe continue,
When all worlds glory shall be cleane forgot,
Thus I the least of skilfull Arts retinue:
Write in thy prayse which time shall never blot;
Heaven made thee what thou art, till worlds be done,
Thy fame shall florish like the rising Sunne.

S. G.



Endimion & Phœbe.

Ideas Latmus.

IN *I-onia* whence sprang old Poets fame,
From whom that Sea did first derive her name,
The blessed bed whereon the Muses lay,
Beauty of *Greece*, the pride of *Asia*,
Whence *Archelaus* whom times historifie,
First unto *Athens* brought Phylosophie.
In this faire Region on a goodly Plaine,
Stretching her bounds unto the bordring Maine,
The Mountaine *Latmus* over-lookes the Sea,
Smiling to see the Ocean billowes play :
Latmus, where young *Endimion* usd to keepe
His fairest flock of silver-fleeced sheepe.
To whom *Silvanus* often would resort,
At barly-breake to see the Satyres sport;
And when rude *Pan* his Tabret list to sound,
To see the faire Nymphes foote it in a round,
Under the trees which on this Mountaine grew,
As yet the like *Arabia* never knew :

Endimion and Phœbe.

For all the pleasures Nature could devise,
Within this plot she did imparadize;
And great *Diana* of her speciall grace,
With *Vestall* rytes had hallowed all the place:
Upon this Mount there stood a stately Grove,
Whose reaching armes, to clip the Welkin strove,
Of tufted Cedars, and the branching Pine,
Whose bushy tops themselves doe so intwine,
As seem'd when Nature first this work begun,
Shee then conspir'd against the piercing Sun;
Under whose covert (thus divinely made)
Phœbus greene Laurell florisht in the shade:
Faire *Venus* Mirtile, *Mars* his warlike Fyrre,
Minervas Olive, and the weeping Myrhe,
The patient Palme, which thrives in spite of hate,
The Popler, to *Alcides* consecrate;
Which Nature in such order had disposed,
And there-withall these goodly walkes inclosed,
As serv'd for hangings and rich Tapestry,
To beautifie this stately Gallery:
Imbraudring these in curious trailes along,
The clusted Grapes, the golden Citrons hung,
More glorious thē the precious fruite were these,
Kept by the Dragon in *Hesperides*;

Endimion and Phœbe.

Or gorgious Arras in rich colours wrought,
With silk from Affrick, or from Indie brought:
Out of thys soyle sweet bubling Fountains crept,
As though for joy the sencelesse stones had wept;
With straying channels dauncing sundry wayes,
With often turnes, like to a curious Maze:
Which breaking forth, the tender grasse bedewed
Whose silver sand with orient Pearle was strewed,
Shadowed with Roses and sweet Eglantine,
Dipping theyr sprayes into this christalline:
From which the byrds the purple berries pruned,
And to theyr loves their small recorders tuned.
The Nightingale, woods Herauld of the Spring,
The whistling Woosell, Mavis carroling,
Tuning theyr trebbles to the waters fall,
Which made the musicque more angelicall:
Whilst gentle *Zephyre* murmuring among,
Kept tyme, and bare the burthen to the song.
About whose brims, refresht with dainty showers,
Grew Amaranthus, and sweet Gilliflowers,
The Marigold, *Phœbus* beloved frend,
The Moly, which from sorcery doth defend:
Violet, Carnation, Balme and Cassia,
Ideas Primrose, coronet of May.

Endimion and Phœbe.

Above this Grove a gentle faire ascent,
Which by degrees of Milk-white Marble went :
Upon the top, a Paradise was found,
With which, Nature this miracle had crownd ;
Empald with Rocks of rarest precious stone,
Which like the flames of *Aetna* brightly shone ;
And serv'd as Lanthornes furnished with light,
To guide the wandring passengers by night :
For which fayre *Phœbe* sliding from her Sphere,
Used oft times to come and sport her there.
And from the Azure starry-painted Sky,
Embalmd the bancks with precious lunary :
That now her *Menalus* shee quite forsooke,
And unto *Latmus* wholy her betooke,
And in this place her pleasure us'd to take,
And all was for her sweet *Endimions* sake :
Endimion, the lovely Shepheards boy,
Endimion, great *Phœbes* onely joy,
Endimion, in whose pure-shining eyes,
The naked Faries daunst the heydegies.
The shag-haird Satyrs Mountain-climing race,
Have been made tame by gazing in his face.
For this boyes love, the water-Nymphs have wept
Stealing oft times to kisse him whilst he slept :

Endimion and Phœbe.

And tasting once the Nectar of his breath,
Surfet with sweet, and languish unto death;
And *Jove* oft-times bent to lascivious sport,
And comming where *Endimion* did resort,
Hath courted him, inflamed with desire,
Thinking some Nymph was cloth'd in boyes at-
And often-times the simple rural Swaines, (tire.
Beholding him in crossing or'e the Plaines,
Imagined, *Apollo* from above
Put on this shape, to win some Maidens love.
This Shepheard, *Phœbe* ever did behold,
Whose love already had her thoughts controld;
From *Latmus* top (her stately throne) shee rose,
And to *Endimion* downe beneath shee goes.
Her Brothers beames now had shee layd aside,
Her horned cresent, and her full-fac'd pride:
For had shee come adorned with her light,
No mortall eye could have endur'd the sight;
But likea Nymph, crown'd with a flowrie twine,
And not like *Phœbe*, as herselfe divine.
An Azur'd Mantle purfled with a vaile,
Which in the Ayre puft like a swelling saile,
Embosted Rayne-bowes did appeare in silk,
With wavie streames as white as mornings Milk:

Endimion and Phœbe.

Which ever as the gentle Ayre did blow,
Still with the motion seem'd to ebb and flow :
About her neck a chayne twise twenty fold,
Of Rubyes, set in lozenges of gold ;
Trust up in trammels, and in curious pleats,
With spheary circles falling on her teats.
A dainty smock of Cipresse, fine and thin,
Or'e cast with curls next to her Lilly skin :
Throgh which the purenes of the same did show
Lyke Damaske-roses strew'd with flakes of snow.
Discovering all her stomach to the waste,
With branches of sweet circling veynes enchaste.
A Coronet she ware of Mirtle bowes,
Which gave a shadow to her Ivory browes.
No smother beauty maske did beauty smother
“Great lights dim lesse yet burn not one another,
Nature abhorrts to borrow from the Mart,
“Simples fit beauty, fie on drugs and Art.

Thus came shee where her love *Endimion* lay,
Who with sweet Carrols sang the night away ;
And as it is the Shepheards usuall trade,
Oft on his pype a Roundelay he playd.
As meeke he was as any Lambe might be,
Nor never lyv'd a fayrer youth then he :

Endimion and Phœbe.

His dainty hand, the snow it selfe dyd stayne,
Or her to whom *Jove* showr'd in golden rayne:
From whose sweet palme the liquid Pearle dyd
Pure as the drops of *Aganippas* Well: (swell,
Cleere as the liquor which fayre *Hebe* spylt;
Hys sheepooke silver, damask'd all with gilt.

The staffe it selfe, of snowie Ivory,
Studded with Currall, tipt with Ebony;
His tresses, of the Ravens shyning black,
Stragling in curles along his manly back.
The balls which nature in his eyes had set,
Lyke Diamonds inclosing Globes of Jet:
Which sparkled from their milky lids out-right,
Lyke fayre Orions heaven-adorning light.

The stars on which her heavenly eyes were bent,
And fixed still with lovely blandishment,
For whom so oft disguised shee was seene,
As shee Celestiall *Phœbe* had not beene:
Her dainty Buskins lac'd unto the knee,
Her pleyted Frock, tuck'd up accordingly:
A Nymph-like huntresse, arm'd with bow & dart
About the woods she scoures the long-liv'd Hart.
She climes the moûtains with the light-foot Fauns
And with the Satyrs scuds it or'e the Launes.

Endimion and Phœbe.

In Musicks sweet delight shee shewes her skill,
Quavering the Cithron nimblly with her quill,
Upon each tree she carves *Endimions* name
In *Gordian* knots, with *Phœbe* to the same:
To kill him Venson now she pitch'd her toyles,
And to this lovely Raunger brings the spoyles;
And thus whilst she by chaste desire is led
Unto the Downes where he his fayre Flocks fed,
Neere to a Grove she had *Endimion* spide,
Where he was fishing by a River side
Under a Popler, shadowed from the Sun,
Where merrily to court him she begun:
Sweet boy (qd. she) take what thy hart can wish,
When thou doost angle would I were a fish,
When thou art sporting by the silver Brooks,
Put in thy hand thou need'st no other hooks;
Hard harted boy *Endimion* looke on mee,
Nothing on earth I hold too deere for thee:
I am a Nymph and not of humaine blood,
Begot by *Pan* on *Isis* sacred flood:
When I was borne upon that very day,
Phœbus was seene the Reveller to play:
In *Joves* hye house the Gods assembled all,
And *Juno* held her sumptuous Festivall,

Endimion and Phœbe.

Oceanus that hower was dauncing spy'de,
And *Tython* seene to frolick with his Bride,
The Halcions that season sweetly sang,
And all the shores, with shouting Sea-Nymphes
And on that day, my birth to memorize, (rang,
The Shepheards hold a solemne sacrifice:
The chast *Diana* nurst mee in her lap,
And I suckt Nectar from her Downe-soft pap.
The Well wherein this body bathed first,
Who drinks thereof, shall never after thirst;
The water hath the Lunacie appeased,
And by the vertue, cureth all diseased;
The place wherein my bare feete touch the mold,
Made up in balls, for Pomander is sold.
See, see, these hands have rob'd the Snow of white,
These dainty fingers, organs of delight:
Behold these lyps, the Load-stones of desire,
Whose words inchant, like *Amphyons* well-tun'd
This foote, Arts just proportiō doth reveale, (lyre,
Signing the earth with heavens own manuel seale.
Goe, play the wanton, I will tend thy flock,
And wait the howres as duly as a clock;
Ile deck thy Ram with bells, and wreathes of Bay,
And gild his hornes upon the sheering day;

Endimion and Phœbe.

And with a garlond crown thee Shepheards king,
And thou shalt lead the gay Gyrles in a ring;
Birds with their wings shall fan thee in the Sun,
And all the fountaynes with pure Wine shall run,
I have a Quier of dainty Turtle-doves,
And they shall sit and sweetly sing our loves:
Ile lay thee on the Swans soft downy plume,
And all the Winde shall gently breath perfume,
Ile plat thy locks with many a curious pleate,
And chafe thy temples with a sacred heate;
The Muses still shall keepe thee company,
And lull thee with inchaunting harmony;
If not all these, yet let my vertues move thee,
A chaster Nymph *Endimion* cannot love thee.

But he imagin'd she some Nymph had been,
Because shee was apparrelled in greene;
Or happily, some of fayre *Floras* trayne,
Which oft did use to sport upon the Plaine:
He tels her, he was *Phœbes* servant sworne,
And oft in hunting had her Quiver borne,
And that to her virginity he vowed,
Which in no hand by *Venus* was alowed;
Then unto her a Catalogue recites
Of *Phœbes* Statutes, and her hallowed Rites,

Endimion and Phœbe.

And of the grievous penalty inflicted,
On such as her chast lawes had interdicted :
Now, he requests, that shee would stand aside,
Because the fish her shadow had espide ;
Then he intreats her that shee would be gone,
And at this time to let him be alone ;
Then turnes him from her in an angry sort,
And frownes and chafes that shee had spoil'd his
And then he threatens her, if she did stay, (sport.
And told her, great *Diana* came this way.
But for all this, this Nymph would not forbear,
But now she smoothes his crispy-curled haire,
And when hee (rudely) will'd her to refrayne,
Yet scarcely ended, she begins agayne :
Thy Ewes (qd. she) with Milk shall daily spring,
And to thy profit yeerely Twins shall bring,
And thy fayre flock, (a wonder to behold)
Shall have their fleeces turn'd to burnisht gold ;
Thy batefull pasture to thy wanton Thewes,
Shall be refresh't with Nectar-dropping dewes,
The Oakes smooth leaves, sirropt with hony fall,
Trickle down drops to quench thy thirst withall :
The cruell Tygar will I tame for thee,
And gently lay his head upon thy knee ;

Endimion and Phœbe.

And by my spells, the Wolves jawes will I lock,
And (as good Sheepheards) make them gard thy
Ile mount thee bravely on a Lyons back, (flock,
To drive the fomy-tusked Bore to wrack:
The brazen-hoofed yelling Bulls Ile yoke,
And with my hearbs, the scaly Dragon choke.
Thou in great *Phœbes* Ivory Coche shalt ride,
Which drawne by Eagles, in the ayre shall glide:
Ile stay the time, it shall not steale away,
And twenty Moones as seeming but one day.
Behold (fond boy) this Rozen-weeping Pine,
This mournfull Larix, dropping Turpentine,
This mounting Teda, thus with tempests torne,
With incky teares continually to mourne;
Looke on this tree, which blubbereth Amber gum
which seemes to speak to thee, though it be dumb,
Which being senceles blocks, as thou do'st see,
Weepe at my woes, that thou might' st pitty mee:
O thou art young, and fit for loves profession,
Like wax which warmed quickly takes impressiō,
Sorrow in time, with floods those eyes shall weare,
Whence pitty now cannot extort a teare.
Fond boy, with words thou might' st be overcome,
“But love surpriz'd the hart, the tongue is dumbe,

Endimion and Phœbe.

But as I can, Ille strive to conquer thee;
Yet teares, & sighes, my weapons needs must bee.
My sighs move trees, rocks melting with my tears,
But thou art blind; and cruell stop'st thine eares:
Looke in this Well, (if beautie men alow)
Though thou be faire, yet I as fayre as thou;
I am a *Vestall*, and a spotles Mayd,
Although by love to thee I am betrayd:
But sith (unkinde) thou doost my love disdayne,
To rocks and hills my selfe I will complaine.

Thus with a sigh, her speeches of she broke,
The whilst her eyes to him in silence spoke;
And from the place this wanton Nymph arose,
And up to *Latmus* all in hast shee goes;
Like to a Nymph on shady *Citheron*,
The swift *Ismænos*, or *Thirmodoon*,
Gliding like *Thetis*, on the fleet waves borne,
Or she which trips upon the eares of Corne;
Like Swallowes when in open ayre they strive,
Or like the Foule which towring Falcons drive.
But whilst the wanton thus pursu'd his sport,
Deceitfull Love had undermin'd the Fort,
And by a breach (in spight of all deniance,)
Entred the Fort which lately made defiance:

Endimion and Phœbe.

And with strong siedge had now begirt about
The mayden Skonce which held the souldier out.
“Love wants his eyes, yet shoots he passing right,
His shafts our thoughts, his bowe hee makes our
His deadly piles are tempred by such Art, (sight.
As still directts the Arrowe to the hart:

He cannot love, and yet forsooth he will,
He sees her not, and yet he sees her still,
Hee goes unto the place shee stood upon,
And asks the poore soyle whether she was gon;
Fayne would he follow her, yet makes delay,
Fayne would he goe, and yet fayne would he stay,
Hee kist the flowers depressed with her feete,
And swears frō her they borrow'd all their sweet.
Faine would he cast aside this troublous thought,
But still like poyson, more and more it wrought,
And to himselfe thus often would he say,
Heere my Love sat, in this place did shee play,
Heere in this Fountaine hath my Goddessesse been,
And with her presence hath she grac'd this green.

Now black-brow'd Night plac'd in her chaire
Sat wrapt in clouds within her Cabinet, (of Jet,
And with her dusky mantle over-spred,
The path the Sunny Palfrayes us'd to tred;

Endimion and Phœbe.

And *Cynthia* sitting in her Christall chayre,
In all her pompe now rid along her Spheare,
The honnied dewe descended in soft showres,
Drizled in Pearle upon the tender flowers;
And *Zephyre* husht, and with a whispering gale,
Seemed to harken to the Nightingale,
Which in the thorny brakes with her sweet song,
Unto the silent Night bewrayd her wrong.

Now fast by *Latmus* neere unto a Grove,
Which by the mount was shadowed from above,
Upon a banck *Endimion* sat by night,
To whom fayre *Phœbe* lent her frendly light:
And sith his flocks were layd them downe to rest,
Thus gives his sorrowes passage from his brest,
Sweet leaves(qd.he) which with the ayre dotremble,
Oh how your motions do my thoughts resemble,
With that milde breath, by which [you] onely move,
Whisper my words in silence to my Love:
Convay my sighes sweet Civet-breathing ayre,
In dolefull accents to my heavenly fayre;
You murmuring Springs, like doleful Instruments
Upon your gravell sound my sad laments,
And in your silent bubbling as you goe,
Consort your selves like Musick to my woe.

Endimion and Phœbe.

And lifting now his sad and heavy eyes
Up, towards the beauty of the burnisht skies,
Bright Lamps(qd. he) the glorious Welkin bears,
Which clip about the Plannets wandring Sphears,
And in your circled Maze doe ever role,
Dauncing about the never-mooving Pole:
Sweet Nymph, which in fayre *Elice* doost shine,
Whom thy surpassing beauty made divine,
Now in the Artick constellation,
Smyle sweet *Calisto* on *Endimion*:
And thou brave *Perseus* in the Northern ayre,
Holding *Medusa* by the snaky hayre,
Joves showre-begotten Son, whose valure tryed,
In seaventeene glorious lights art stellified;
Which won'st thy love, left as a Monsters pray;
And thou the lovely fayre *Andromida*,
Borne of the famous Etheopian lyne,
Darting these rayes from thy transpiercing eyne,
To thee the bright *Cassiopey*, with these,
Whose beauty strove with the *Neriedes*,
With all the troupe of the celestiall band,
Which on *Olimpus* in your glory stand;
And you great wandring lights, if frō your Sphears
You have regard unto a Sheepeheards teares,

The con-
stellations
neere the
Pole Artick

Endimion and Phœbe.

Or as men say, if over earthly things
You onely rule as Potentates and Kings,
Unto my loves event sweet Stars direct,
Your kindest revolution and aspect,
And bend your cleere eyes from your Thrones a-
Upon *Endimion* pyning thus in love. (bove

Now, ere the purple dauning yet did spring,
The joyfull Lark began to stretch her wing,
And now the Cock the mornings Trumpeter,
Playd hunts-up for the day starre to appeare,
Downe slydeth *Phœbe* from her Christall chayre,
Sdayning to lend her light unto the ayre,
But unto *Latmus* all in haste is gon,
Longing to see her sweet *Endimion*;
At whose departure all the Plannets gazed,
As at some seld-seene accident amazed,
Till reasoning of the same, they fell at ods,
So that a question grew amongst the Gods,
Whether without a generall consent
She might depart their sacred Parliament?
But what they could doe was but all in vaine,
Of liberty they could her not restraine:
For of the seaven sith she the lowest was,
Unto the earth she might the easiest passe;

D.

Sith

Endimion and Phœbe.

Sith onely by her moysty influence,
Of earthly things she hath preheminance,
And under her, mans mutable estate,
As with her changes doth participate;
And from the working of her waning source,
Th'uncertaine waters held a certaine course,
Throughout her kingdōe she might walk at large
Wheroft as Empresse she had care and charge,
And as the Sunne unto the Day gives light,
So is she onely Mistris of the Night; (guide,
Which whilst shee in her oblique course dooth
The glittering stars apeare in all their pride,
Which to her light their frendly Lamps do lend,
And on her trayne as Hand-maydes doe attend,
And thirteene times she through her Sphere doth
Ere *Phœbus* full his yearly course have don : (run,
And unto her of women is assign'd,
Predominance of body and of mind,
That as of Plannets shee most variable,
So of all creatures they most mutable,
But her sweet *Latmus* which she lov'd so much,
No sooner once her dainty foote doth touch,
But that the Mountaine with her brightnes shone
And gave a light to all the Horizon :

Endimion and Phœbe.

Even as the Sun which darknes long did shroud,
Breakes suddenly from underneath a clowd,
So that the Nymphs which on her still attended,
Knew certainly great *Phœbe* was discended;
And all aproched to this sacred hill,
There to awayt their soveraigne Goddesses will,
And now the little Birds whom Nature taught,
To honour great *Diana* as they ought,
Because she is the Goddess of the woods,
And sole preserver of their hallowed floods,
Set to their consort in their lower springs,
That with the Musicke all the mountaine rings;
So that it seemd the Birds of every Grove
Which should excell and passe each other strove,
That in the higher woods and hollow grounds,
The murmuring Eccho every where resounds,
The trembling brooks their slyding courses stayd,
The whilst the waves one with another playd,
And all the flocks in this rejoicing mood,
As though inchaunted do forbeare their food:
The heards of Deare downe from the mountains
As loth to come within *Dianas* view, (flew,
Whose piercing arrowes from her Ivory bowe,
Had often taught her powerfull hand to knowe;

Endimion and Phœbe.

And now from *Latmus* looking towards the plains
Casting her eyes upon the Sheepheards swaines,
Perceiv'd her deare *Endimions* flock were stray'd
And he himselfe upon the ground was layd;
Who late recal'd from melancholy deepe,
The chaunting Birds had lulled now asleepe:
For why the Musick in this humble kinde,
As it first found, so doth it leave the minde;
And melancholy from the Spleene begun,
By passion moov'd, into the veynes doth run;
Which when this humor as a swelling Flood
By vigor is infused in the blood;
The vitall spirits doth mightely apall;
And weakeneth so the parts organicall,
And when the sences are disturb'd and tierd,
With what the hart incessantly desierd,
Like Travellers with labor long opprest,
Finding release, eft-soones they fall to rest.

And comming now to her *Endimion*,
Whom heavy sleepe had lately ceas'd upon,
Kneeling her downe, him in her armes she clips,
And with sweet kisses sealeth up his lips, (showrs
Whilst from her eyes, teares streaming downe in
Fell on his cheekes like dew upon the flowrs,

The effect
of Melan-
cholie.

Endimion and Phœbe.

In globy circles like pure drops of Milk,
Sprinckled on Roses, or fine crimson silk :
Touching his brow, this is the seate (quoth she)
Where Beauty sits in all her Majestie,
She calls his eye-lids those pure Christall covers
Which do include the looking Glasse of Lovers,
She calls his lips the sweet delicious folds
Which rare perfume and precious incense holds,
Shee calls his soft smooth Allablaster skin,
The Lawne which Angels are attyred in,
Sweet face (qd. she) but wanting words I spare thee
Except to heaven alone I should compare thee :
And whilst her words she wasteth thus in vayne,
Sporting herselfe the tyme to entartayne,
The frolick Nymphes with Musicks sacred sound,
Entred the Meddowes dauncing in a round :
And unto *Phœbe* straight their course direct,
Which now their joyfull comming did expeēt,
Before whose feet their flowrie spoyles they lay,
And with sweet Balme his body doe imbay.
And on the Laurels growing there along,
Their wreathed garlonds all about they hung :
And all the ground within the compasse load,
With sweetest flowers, wheron they lightly troad.

Endimion and Phœbe.

With Nectar then his temples they be dew,
And kneeling softly kisse him all arew;
Then in brave galiards they themselves advaunce,
And in the Tryas *Bacchus* stately daunce;
Then following on fayre *Floras* gilded trayne,
Into the Groves they thus depart agayne,
And now to shew her powerfull deitie,
Her sweet *Endimion* more to beautifie,
Into his soule the Goddesse doth infuse,
The fiery nature of a heavenly Muse,
Which in the sprit labouring by the mind
Pertaketh of celestiall things by kind:

The excellency of the soule:

For why the soule being divine alone,
Exempt from vile and grosse corruption,
Of heavenly secrets comprehensible,
Of which the dull flesh is not sensible,
And by one onely powerfull faculty,
Yet governeth a multiplicity,
Being essentiall, uniforme in all;
Not to be sever'd nor dividuall,
But in her function holdeth her estate,
By powers divine in her ingenerate,
And so by inspiration conceaveth
What heaven to her by divination breatheth;

Endimion and Phœbe.

But they no sooner to the shades were gone,
Leaving their Goddess by *Endimion*,
But by the hand the lovely boy shee takes,
And from his sweet sleepe softly him awakes,
Who being struck into a sodayne feare,
Beholding thus his glorious Goddess there,
His hart transpiersed with this sodayne glance,
Became as one late cast into a trance:
Wiping his eyes not yet of perfect sight,
Scarcely awak'd amazed at the light,
His cheekes now pale then lovely blushing red,
Which oft increasd, and quickly vanished,
And as on him her fixed eyes were bent,
So to and fro his colour came and went;
Like to a Christall neere the fire set,
Against the brightnes rightly opposet,
Now doth reteyne the colour of the flame,
And lightly moved againe, reflects the same;
For our affection quickned by her heate,
Alayd and strengthned by a strong conceit,
The minde disturbed forth-with doth convart,
To an internall passion of the hart,
By motion of that sodaine joy or feare,
Which we receive either by the eye or eare,

The causes
of the exter-
nall signes
of passion.

For

Endimion and Phœbe.

For by retraction of the spirit and blood,
From those exterior parts where first they stood,
Into the center of the body sent,
Returns againe more strong and vehement:
And in the like extreamitie made cold,
About the same, themselves doe closely hold,
And though the cause be like in this respect,
Works by this meanes a contrary effect.

Thus whilst this passion hotely held his course,
Ebbing and flowing from his springing source,
With the strong fit of this sweet Fever moved,
At sight of her which he intirely loved,
Not knowing yet great *Phœbe* this should be,
His soveraigne Goddesse, Queene of Chastitie,
Now like a man whom Love had learned Art,
Resolv'd at once his secrets to impart:
But first repeats the torments he had past,
The woes indur'd since tyme he saw her last;
Now he reports he noted whilst she spake,
The bustling windes their murmure often brake,
And being silent, seemd to pause and stay,
To listen to her what she ment to say:
Be kind (quoth he) sweet Nymph unto thy lover,
My soules sole essence, and my sences mover,

Endimion and Phœbe.

Life of my life, pure Image of my hart,
Impressure of Conceit, Invention, Art,
My vitall spirit, receves his spirit from thee,
Thou art that all which ruleth all in me,
Thou art the sap, and life whereby I live,
Which powerfull vigor doost receive and give;
Thou nourishest the flame wherein I burne,
The North wherto my harts true tuch doth turne.
Pitty my poore flock, see their wofull plight,
Theyr Maister perisht living from thy sight,
Theyr fleeces rent, my tresses all forlorne,
I pyne, whilst they theyr pasture have forborne;
Behold (quoth he) this little flower belowe,
Which heere within this Fountayne brim dooth
With that, a solemne tale begins to tell (grow;
Of this fayre flower, and of this holy Well,
A goodly legend, many Winters old,
Learn'd by the Sheepheards sitting by their folde,
How once this Fountayne was a youthfull swaine,
A frolick boy and kept upon the playne,
Unfortunate it hapt to him (quoth he)
To love a fayre Nymph as I nowe love thee,
To her his love and sorrow he imparts,
Which might dissolve a rock of flinty harts;

E.

To

Endimion and Phœbe.

To her he sues, to her he makes his mone,
But she more deafe and hard then steele or stone;
And thus one day with grieve of mind opprest,
As in this place he layd him downe to rest,
The Gods at length uppon his sorrowes looke,
Transforming him into this pirrling Brooke,
Whose murmuring bubbles softly as they creepe,
Falling in drops, the Channell seems to weepe,
But shee thus careles of his misery.

Still spends her dayes in mirth and jollity;
And comming one day to the River side,
Laughing for joy when she the same espyde,
This wanton Nymph in that unhappy hower,
Was heere transformd into this purple flower,
Which towards the water turnes it selfe agayne,
To pitty him by her unkindnes slayne.

She, as it seemd, who all this time attended,
Longing to heare that once his tale were ended,
Now like a jealous woman she repeats,
Mens subtilties, and naturall deceyts;
And by example strives to verifie,
Their ficklenes and vaine inconstancie:
Their hard obdurate harts, and wilfull blindnes,
Telling a storie wholy of unkindnes;

Endimion and Phœbe.

But he, who well perceived her intent,
And to remove her from this argument,
Now by the sacred Fount he vowes and sweares,
By Lovers sighes, and by her halowed teares,
By holy *Latmus* now he takes his oath,
That all he spake was in good fayth and troth ;
And for no frayle uncertayne doubt should move
Vowes secrecie, the crown of a true Lover. (her,

She hearing this, thought time that she reveald,
That kind affection which she long conceald,
Determineth to make her true Love known,
Which shee had borne unto *Endimion* ;
I am no Huntresse, nor no Nymph (quoth she)
As thou perhaps imagin'st me to be,
I am great *Phœbe*, *Latmus* sacred Queene,
Who from the skies have hether past unseene,
And by thy chast love hether was I led,
Where full three yeares thy fayre flock have I fed,
Upon these Mountaines and these frtile plaines,
And crownd thee King of all the Sheepheards
Nor wanton, nor lacivious is my love, (swaines :
nor never lust my chast thoughts once could move
But sith thou thus hast offerd at my Shrine,
And of the Gods hast held me most divine,

Endimion and Phœbe.

Mine Altars thou with sacrifice hast stord,
And in my Temples hast my name ador'd,
And of all other, most hast honor'd mee,
Great *Phœbes* glory thou alone shalt see.

Thys spake, she putteth on her brave attire,
As being burnisht in her Brothers fire,
Purer then that Celestiall shining flame
Wherein great *Jove* unto his Lemmon came,
Which quickly had his pale cheekes over-spred,
And tincted with a lovely blushing red.
Which whilst her Brother *Titan* for a space,
Withdrew himselfe, to give his sister place,
Shee now is darkned to all creatures eyes,
Whilst in the shadow of the earth she lyes,
For that the earth of nature cold and dry,
A very Chaos of obscurity,
Whose Globe exceeds her compasse by degrees,
Fixed upon her Superficies;
When in his shadow she doth hap to fall,
Dooth cause her darknes to be generall.

Thus whilst he layd his head upon her lap,
Shee in a fiery Mantle doth him wrap,
And carries him up from this lumpish mould,
Into the skyes, whereas he might behold,

Endimion and Phœbe.

The earth in perfect roundnes of a ball
Exceeding globes most artificiall:
Which in a fixed poynt Nature disposed,
And with the sundry Elements inclosed,
Which as the Center permanent dooth stay,
When as the skies in their diurnall sway,
Strongly maintaine the ever-turning course,
Forced alone by their first moover sourse,
Where he beholds the ayery Regions,
Whereas the clouds and strange impressions,
Maintaynd by coldnes often doe appeare,
And by the highest Region of the ayre,
Unto the cleerest Element of fire,
Which to her silver foot-stoole doth aspire,
Then dooth she mount him up into her Sphere,
Imparting heavenly secrets to him there,
Where lightned by her shining beames hee sees,
The powerfull Plannets, all in their degrees,
Their sundry revolutions in the skies,
And by their working how they sympathize;
All in theyr circles severally prefixt,
And in due distance each with other mixt:
The mantions which they hold in their estate,
Of which by nature they participate;

Endimion and Phœbe.

And how those signes their severall places take,
Within the compasse of the Zodiacke :
And in their severall triplicities consent,
Unto the nature of an Element,
To which the Plannets do themselves disperce,
Having the guidance of this univers,
And do from thence extend their severall powers,
Unto this little fleshly world of ours :
Wherin her Makers workmanship is found,
As in contriving of this mighty round,
In such strange maner and such fashion wrought,
As doth excede mans dull and feeble thought,
Guiding us still by their directions ;
And that our fleshly frayle complections,
Of Elementall natures grounded bee,
With which our dispositions most agree,
Some of the fire and ayre participate,
And some of watry and of earthy state,
As hote and moyst, with chilly cold and dry,
And unto these the other contrary ;
And by their influence powerfull on the earth,
Predominant in mans fraile mortall bearth,
And that our lives effects and fortunes are,
As is that happy or unlucky Starre,

The signes
in their tri-
plicities,
participate
with the E-
lements.

Endimion and Phœbe.

Which reigning in our frayle nativitie,
Seales up the secrets of our destinie,
With frendly Plannets in conjunction set,
Or els with other meerely opposet:
And now to him her greatest power she lent,
To lift him to the starry Firmament,
Where he beheld that milky stayned place,
By which the Twynns & heavenly Archers trace,
The dogge which doth the furious Lyon beate,
Whose flaming breath increaseth *Titans* heate,
The teare-distilling mournfull *Pliades*,
Which on the earth the stormes & tempests raise,
And all the course the constellations run,
When in conjunction with the Moone or Sun,
When towards the fixed Articke they arise,
When towards the Antarticke, falling frō our eyes;
And having impt the wings of his desire,
And kindled him, with this cœlestiall fire,
She sets him downe, and vanishing his sight,
Leaves him inwrapped in this true delight:
Now wheresoever he his fayre flock fed,
The Muses still *Endimion* followed;
His sheepe as white as Swans or driven snow,
Which beautified the soyle with such a show,

Endimion and Phœbe.

As where hee folded in the darkest Night,
There never needed any other light;
If that he hungered and desired meate,
The Bees would bring him Honny for to eate,
Yet from his lyps would not depart away,
Tyll they were loden with Ambrosia;
And if he thirsted, often there was seene
A bubling Fountaine spring out of the greene,
With Christall liquor fild unto the brim,
Which did present her liquid store to him.
If hee would hunt, the fayre Nymphs at his will,
With Bowes & Quivers, would attend him still:
And what-soever he desierd to have,
That he obtain'd if hee the same would crave.

And now at length, the joyful tyme drew on,
Shee meant to honor her *Endimion*,
And glorifie him on that stately Mount
Wherof the Goddesse made so great account.
Shee sends Joves winged Herauld to the woods,
The neighbour Fountains, & the bordring floods,
Charging the Nymphes which did inhabit there,
upon a day appoynted to appeare,
And to attend her sacred Majestie
In all theyr pompe and great solemnity.

Endimion and Phœbe.

Having obtaynd great *Phœbus* free consent,
To further her divine and chast intent,
Which thus imposed as a thing of waight,
In stately troupes appeare before her straight,
The Faunes and Satyres from the tufted Brakes,
Theyr brisly armes wreath'd alabout with snakes;
Their sturdy loynes with ropes of Ivie bound,
Theyr horned heads with Woodbine Chaplets crownd,
With Cipresse Javelens, and about their thyes,
The flaggy hayre disorder'd loosely flyes:
Th' *Oriades* like to the *Spartan* Mayd,
In Murrie-scydall gorgiously arayd:
With gallant greene Scarfes girded in the wast,
Theyr flaxen hayre with silken fillets lac'd,
Wove with flowers in sweet lascivious wreathes,
Mooving like feathers as the light ayre breathes,
With crownes of Mirtle, glorious to behold,
whose leaves are painted with pure drops of gold:
With traines of fine Bisse checker'd al with frets
Of dainty Pincks and precious Violets,
In branched Buskins of fine Cordiwin,
With spangled garters downe unto the shin,
Fring'd with fine silke, of many a sundry kind,
Which lyke to pennons waved with the wind.

Endimion and Phœbe.

The *Hamadriads* from their shady Bowers,
Deckt up in Garlands of the rarest flowers,
Upon the backs of milke-white Bulls were set,
With horne and hoofe as black as any Jet,
Whose collers were great massy golden rings,
Led by their swaynes in twisted silken strings;
Then did the lovely *Driades* appeare,
On dapled Staggs, which bravely mounted were,
Whose velvet palmes with nosegaies rarely dight,
To all the rest bred wonderfull delight;
And in this sort accompanied with these,
In tryumph rid the watry *Niades*,
Upon Sea-horses, trapt with shining finns,
Arm'd with their male impenitralle skinns,
Whose scaly crests like Raine-bowes bended hye;
Seeme to controule proud *Iris* in the skye;
Upon a Charriot was *Endimion* layd,
In snowy Tissue gorgiously arayd,
Of precious Ivory covered or'e with Lawne,
Which by foure stately Unicorns was drawne.
Of ropes of Orient pearle their traces were,
Pure as the path which dooth in heaven appeare,
With rarest flowers inchaste and over-spred,
Which serv'd as Curtaynes to this glorious bed,

Endimion and Phœbe.

Whose seate of Christal in the Sun-beames shone,
Like thunder-breathing *Joves* celestiall Throne,
Upon his head a Coronet instald,
Of one intire and mighty Emerald,
With richest Bracelets on his lilly wrists,
Of Hellitropium, linckt with golden twists;
A bevy of fayre Swans, which flying over,
With their large wings him frō the Sun do cover,
And easily wafting as he went along,
Doe lull him still with their inchaunting song,
Whilst all the Nimpes on solemne Instruments,
Sound daintie Musick to their sweet lament.

And now great *Phœbe* in her tryumph came,
With all the tytles of her glorious name,
Diana, Delia, Luna, Cynthia,
Virago, Hecate, and Elythia,
Prothiria, Dictinna, Proserpine,
Latona, and Lucina, most divine;
And in her pompe began now to approch,
Mounted aloft upon her Christall Coach,
Drawn or'e the playnes by foure pure milk-white Hinds,
Whose nimble feete seem'd winged with the winds,
Her rarest beauty being now begun,
But newly borrowed from the golden Sun,

F 2.

Her

Endimion and Phœbe.

Her lovely cressant with a decent space,
By due proportion beautifi'd her face,
Till having fully fild her circled side,
Her glorious fulnes now appear in pride;
which long her changing brow could not retaine,
But fully waxt, began againe to wane;
Upon her brow (like meteors in the ayre)
Twenty & eyght great gorgious lamps shee bare;
Some, as the Welkin, shining passing bright,
Some not so sumptuous, others lesser light,
Some burne, some other, let theyr faire lights fall,
Composd in order Geometricall;
And to adorne her with a greater grace,
And ad more beauty to her lovely face,
Her richest Globe shee gloriously displayes,
Now that the Sun had hid his golden rayes:
Least that his radiencie should her suppresse,
And so might make her beauty seeme the lesse;
Her stately trayne layd out in azur'd bars,
Poudred all thick with troopes of silver stars:
Her ayrie vesture yet so rare and strange,
As every howre the colour seem'd to change,
Yet still the former beauty doth retaine,
And ever came unto the same againe.

Endimion and Phœbe.

Then fayre *Astrea*, of the *Titans* line,
Whom equity and justice made divine,
Was seated heer upon the silver beame,
And with the raines guides on this goodly teame,
To whom the *Charites* led on the way,
Aglaia, *Thalia*, and *Euphrozine*,
with princely crownes they in the triumph came,
Imbellished with *Phœbes* glorious name:
These forth before the mighty Goddess went,
As Princes Heraulds in a Parliament.
And in their true consorted symphony,
Record sweet songs of *Phœbes* chastity;
Then followed on the Muses, sacred nyne,
With the first number equally divine,
In Virgins white, whose lovely mayden browes,
Were crowned with tryumphant Lawrell bowes;
And on their garments paynted out in glory,
Their offices and functions in a story,
Imblazoning the furie and conceite
Which on their sacred company awaite;
For none but these were suffered to aproch,
Or once come neere to this celestiall Coach,
But these two of the numbers, nine and three,
Which being od include an unity,

Endimion and Phœbe.

Into which number all things fitly fall,
And therefore named Theologicall:
And first composing of this number nine,
Which of all numbers is the most divine,
From orders of the Angels dooth arise,
Which be contayned in three Hirarchies,
And each of these three Hirarchies in three,
The perfect forme of true triplicity;
And of the Hirarchies I spake of erst,
The glorious *Epiphania* is the first,
In which the hie celestiall orders been,
Of Thrones, Chirrup, and the Ciraphin;
The second holds the mighty Principates,
The Dominations and the Potestates,
The *Ephionia*, the third Hirarchie,
Which Vertues Angels and Archangels be;
And thus by threes we aptly do define,
And do compose this sacred number nyne,
Yet each of these nyne orders grounded be,
Upon some one particularity,
Then as a Poet I might so infer,
An other order when I spake of her.
From these the Muses onely are derived,
Which of the Angels were in nyne contrived;

Endimion and Phœbe.

These heaven-inspired Babes of memorie,
Which by a like attracting Sympathy,
Apollos Prophets in theyr furies wrought,
And in theyr spirit inchaunting numbers taught,
To teach such as at Poesie repine,
That it is onely heavenly and divine,
And manifest her intellectuall parts,
Sucking the purest of the purest Arts;
And unto these as by a sweet consent,
The Sphery circles are equivalent,
From the first Moover, and the starry heaven,
To glorious *Phœbe* lowest of the seaven,
Which *Jove* in tunefull Diapazons fram'd,
Of heavenly Musick of the Muses nam'd,
To which the soule in her divinitie,
By her Creator made of harmony,
Whilst she in frayle and mortall flesh dooth live,
To her nyne sundry offices doe give,
Which offices united are in three,
Which like the orders of the Angels be,
Prefiguring thus by the number nyne,
The soule, like to the Angels is divine:
And frō these nines those Conquerers renowned,
Which with the wreaths of triumph oft were crowned.

Which

Endimion and Phœbe.

Which by their vertues gain'd the worthies name
First had this number added to their fame,
Not that the worthiest men were onely nine,
But that the number of it selfe divine,
And as a perfect patterne of the rest,
Which by this holy number are exprest;
Nor Chivalrie this title onely gaynd;
But might as well by wisedome be obtaynd,
Nor in this number men alone included,
But unto women well might be aluded,
Could wit, could worlds, coulde times, could ages
This number of *Elizas* heavenly kind; (find,
And those rare men which learning highly prized
By whom the Constellations were devised,
And by their favours learning highly graced,
For *Orpheus* harpe nine starres in heaven placed:
This sacred number to declare thereby,
Her sweet consent and solid harmony,
And mans heroique voyce, which doth impart,
The thought conceaved in the inward hart,
Her sweetnes on nine Instruments doth ground,
Else doth she fayle in true and perfect sound.
Now of this three in order to dispose,
Whose trynarie doth justly nyne compose.

Endimion and Phœbe.

First in the forme of this triplicitie
Is shadowed that mighty Trinitie,
Which still in stedfast unity remayne,
And yet of three one Godhead doe containe;
From this eternall living deitie,
As by a heaven-inspired prophecy,
Divinest Poets first derived these,
The fayrest Graces *Jove*-borne *Charites*;
And in this number Musick first began,
The *Lydian*, *Dorian*, and the *Phrigian*,
Which ravishing in their soule-pleasing vaine,
They made up seaven in a higher strayne;
And all those signes which *Phœbus* doth ascend,
Before he bring his yearely course to end,
Their several natures mutually agree,
And doe concurre in thys triplicitie;
And those interior sences with the rest,
Which properly pertaine to man and Beast,
Nature herselfe in working so devised,
That in this number they should be comprized.

But to my tale I must returne againe,
Phœbe to *Latmus* thus convayde her swayne,
Under a bushie Lawrells pleasing shade, (made,
Amongst whose boughs the Birds sweet Musick

Endimion and Phœbe.

Whose fragrant branch-imbosted Cannapy,
Was never pierst with *Phœbus* burning eye;
Yet never could thys Paradise want light,
Elumin'd still with *Phœbes* glorious sight:
She layd *Endimion* on a grassy bed,
With sommers Arras ritchly over-spred,
Where from her sacred Mantion next above,
She might descend and sport her with her love,
Which thirty yeeres the Sheepheards safely kept,
Who in her bosom soft and soundly slept;
Yet as a dreame he thought the tyme not long,
Remayning ever beautifull and yong,
And what in vision there to him be fell,
My weary Muse some other time shall tell.

DEARE *Collin*, let my Muse excused be,
Which rudely thus presumes to sing by thee,
Although her straines be harsh untun'd & ill,
Nor can attayne to thy divinest skill.

And thou the sweet *Museus* of these times,
Pardon my rugged and unfiled rymes,
Whose scarce invention is too meane and base,
When *Delias* glorious Muse dooth come in place.

Endimion and Phœbe.

And thou my Goldey which in Sommer dayes,
Hast feasted us with merry roundelayes,
And when my Muse scarce able was to flye,
Didst imp her wings with thy sweete Poesie.

And you the heyres of ever-living fame,
The worthy titles of a Poets name,
Whose skill and rarest excellency is such,
As spitefull Envy never yet durst tuch,
To your protection I this Poem send,
Which from proud *Momus* may my lines defend,

And if sweet mayd thou deign'st to read this story,
Wherein thine eyes may view thy vertues glory,
Thou purest spark of *Vesta*'s kindled fire,
Sweet Nymph of *Ankor*, crowne of my desire,
The plot which for their pleasure heaven devis'd,
Where all the Muses be imparadis'd,
Where thou doost live, there let all graces be,
Which want theyr grace if onely wanting thee,
Let stormy winter never touch the Clyme,
But let it florish as in Aprils prime,
Let sullen night, that soyle nere over-cloud,
But in thy presence let the earth be proud,
If ever Nature of her worke might boast,
Of thy perfection she may glory most,

Endimion and Phœbe.

To whom fayre *Phœbe* hath her bow resign'd,
Whose excellencie doth lyve in thee refin'd,
And that thy praise Time never should impaire,
Hath made my hart thy never moving Spheare.
Then if my Muse give life unto thy fame,
Thy vertues be the causers of the same.
And from thy Tombe some Oracle shall rise,
To whom all pens shall yearely sacrifice.

F I N I S.

Date Due

DEC 21 1960

G

821 D799e
Drayton, Michael / Endimion & Phoebe, Idea
AVLL



3 3768 00123 6614

99246

Storage

821

D799e

